A PANEGYRICK

Upon the enſuing SPRING.

1.

OH! Heavenly Calm thou meriſt praiſe,
Beſides thou haſt laſted now nine days,
And may I hope a longer ſpace,
'Twixt Thunder Clashing.

2.

The City too is now becalm'd,
Their Threats are unto Mourning turn'd,
Their pointed Puſh is now adjourn'd,
And kept from Laſhing.

3.

But their Libels fly to every Shire,
As thick as Atomes in the Air,
To ripen all their Brethren there,
For new Rebellion.

4.

This Diſappointment makes them Itch,
Their Limbs are crampt with the old Stitch,
Like Dogs in Strings, they Snarl and Twitch,
Then lye to Spawn.

5.

The Doctor's buſie now at work,
With his new Knights o'th' Poſt i'th' dark,
As *Noah* with all the World in's Ark,
He's Catechizing.

6.

The Badger's buckling up his Legs
For the next Summer, peeps through the Hedge,
And hopes there's Brood in all the Eggs,
That are Baptizing.

7.

The Tribe compos'd of *Jew* and *Turk*,
And *Iriſh* Tories of great worth,
Stand like a ſolemn Holding forth,
Conning their Leſſons.

8.

The Senate ſwarms like caſt out Bees,
And ſquoils like Rooks i'th' tops of Trees,
Their Neſts as near each other lyes,
Plotting Petitions.

9.

Striving ſtill to rouze the Rout,
With many a dangerous ſenceleſs Doubt,
And make them ready to help out,
When Lying fails 'um.

10.

Pretended Griefs they do deviſe,
And *Judas*-like their Looks diſguiſe,
Beg for redreſs upon their knees,
When nothing ayls 'um.

11.

Feats of the *French* they do deplore,
The native *Papiſts* ten times more,
Yet ſtill to keep their Soveraign poor,
They do endeavour.

12.

This ſhews that they no credit give
To what they would have him believe,
This begging's for Prerogative,
Sir under favour.

13.

But when it comes, great comfort brings,
Poor Subjects Slaves, and Members Kings,
But Heaven, I hope, ſtops ſuch damn'd things,
Rebels be quiet.

14.

Or by that Loyalty I ſwear,
Which to my Soveraign Prince I bear,
I'le tell the World what Rogues you are,
Can you deny it?

15.

Come never threaten to Rebel,
Nor damn your Souls to ſtingy Hell,
After your Bones are baſted well,
You muſt be Conquer'd.

16.

Think not on forty one, nor eight,
That Preſident gives us ſuch light,
Tho' few dare ſpeak, yet all dare fight,
Till you be hamper'd.

17.

Let not your guilt o'th' guiltleſs fall,
Nor Loyal Prelates *Papiſts* call,
As if all were Rebels like you all,
But *Papiſts*.

18.

Truſt not too much to *Tony*'s Wit,
Becauſe the Devil Licens'd it,
To draw you all into this Fit,
Frenzy and Apiſh.

19.

If he like *Luxemburg* with's Art,
Should let the Devil ſpoil his part,
His Wit is all not worth a F—
Then where's his Fololwers?

20.

Mouthe not ſo much againſt the *Duke*,
Nor feed black hopes with vain diſpute,
What God decrees none can confute,
Nor *Tony* Hollowers.

FINIS.

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PANEGYRICK

Upon the ensuing SPRING.

O Heavenly Cause of mutual pains
And may I hope a longer Space,
The Ladies then half lulled now raise
Their Thunder Glistring.

The Cry too is now
Their Throats are into Music strain'd
Their pointed Path is now adorn'd
And Sighs
Like clear Lakes by no Storm
As thick as Accents in the Air,
To ripen all their Breasts chuse.

This Dirge pronounc'st makes them sick,
Their Limbs to cramp with cold Sweat,
Like Dogs in strong Frosts and Winds,
Then Eyes so sparkle.

The Quarter's bulk now swells,
With his new Knights the Field shall,
As New-born all the World in All,
He's Cardi ing.

The Badger's buckling up his Legs
For the next Summer peeps through the Hedge,
And hopes there's Brood in all the Eggs,
That are Fruitful.

The Tribe composed of Fop and Fool,
And Wife Tones of great worth,
Stand like a solemn Holding Form,
Coining their Fashions.

The Senate in arms like calf out Bees,
And Squirels like Rooks i'th' tops of Trees,
Their Nests as neat each other Eyes
Ploting Petitions.

Striving still to prove the Rout,
With many a dangerous Leap o'th Bank,
And make them ready to help over
When Lying hits turn.

Pretended Cares they do devise,
And Talk like their Books dilgnife,
Beg for refuels upon their knees,
When nothing ails 'em.